

RATES FOR WANT ADS.

Ads in this column will be inserted
 per line, one insertion ...15c
 per line, two insertions ...25c
 per line, one week50c
 per line, two weeks75c
 per line, one month90c
 This is the cheapest advertising ever offered the people of Honolulu.

EVERYDAY WANTS AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

HAWAII'S GREATEST OPPORTUNITY FOR LARGE RETURNS ON SMALL INVESTMENTS

ADVERTISING is as old as Eden. The serpent advertised the forbidden fruit and got returns. WHETHER you whisper or holler a GOOD AD. PAYS!

WANTS

See Page 8, NEW TO-DAY, for New Ads.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOUND AT
HONOLULU EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
 TEL. 358. 928 KING ST.

HELP. skilled and unskilled, male and female of all nationalities, free of cost and trouble. Register list of the best help in the city who are seeking employment.

WANTED TODAY.
 Good engineer, \$100 a month; 6 Stone Masons, \$3.50 day; Girl to care for children; Walter Cook, Seamstress \$15 week, and other Good Jobs for skilled help every day.

FOR SALE.

Have 5 Houses for sale at Palama; \$50 cash; balance WITHOUT INTEREST at \$10.00 per month.
 2 Houses, 1 building lot for 25 years, \$35 per mo. Vineyard nr. Liliha.

FOR LEASE.

25—7r. Pihoko nr. Wilder Ave.
 18—7r. Manoa road.

STRAUCH & SCHROEDER,
 No. 74 S. KING ST. TEL. MAIN 358.

Bicycles and all light machinery repaired on short notice. Pioneer Motor Car Co., Merchant and Alakea Streets. 2630-4f

ROOM AND BOARD.

Room and board in private family, for lady and gentleman; \$50 per month; hot and cold water; telephone, electric light. Address "M. A. B." Bulletin. 2744-4f

Furnished room, with or without board in private family; Waikiki road. Kalia Road. 2782-4f

TO LET.

To let, after July 1, one of Peck's cottages, 27 Peck Ave. Six rooms, mosquito proof, modern improvements. Inquire between 12 and 1, and after 5, 307 Vineyard St. 2795-4f

Six stores in the Kapiolani Building, size 18 x 40 with cellar will be rented at \$30 a month each. Kapiolani Estate Ltd. 2793-4f

Famous Kawaihau Glee Club Dance

The famous "Kawaihau Glee Club," the oldest and best singing orchestra in the days of King Kalakaua and in the Territory of Hawaii today, gives, under the patronage of Princess Kawānanakoa, a dance at the Young Hotel on Friday evening of this week for which tickets admitting a gentleman and lady for one dollar are now on sale at all of the music and drug stores, at Thurston's, McInerney's and Wickham's. The dance music for the occasion will be the best ever heard here in years and will be furnished by eighteen first class Hawaiian musicians, players and singers both, giving dancers a treat never before planned on such a scale.

The musicians of the club are Major Keiaki, Chas. Piliapu, Sam Nana, John Edwards, Geo. K. Nahaolelua, Jno. K. Nahaolelua, Z. Kapulu, Solomon Hiram, Jim Shaw, Jim Koluha, Joe Koluha, H. Keawemahii, H. Paakea, "Duke" Kahanaomoku, "Bill" Keawe, Ben Jones, Kalani Peters, and the program, starting with a grand march at 8:30 and including a schottische and medley, reads as follows:
 1. Grand March and Waltz. Amistad
 2. Waltz Hula o Makea
 3. Waltz Wahiakahuia
 4. Two Step Manoa Anuani Wau
 5. Waltz Waiakahuia
 6. Two Step He Manao
 7. Waltz Hilo No Wai
 8. Two Step Maunaloa
 Ten Minutes Intermission.
 9. Waltz Ko Leo
 10. Schottische Kapi Au Ika Wai
 11. Two Step Tomi
 12. Waltz Pili Pe Ika Ana
 13. Two Step Alaka Honohone Ana
 14. Medley E. Malu Mai

Extras.
 1. Two Step Waikiki Mermad
 2. Waltz Halona
 3. Two Step Lau Vahine
 4. Waltz Pau O Hilo
 Sonny Cunha is to be floor manager.

Wags: There is nothing so contradictory as a woman. Wags: Oh, I don't know. How about this war news.—Chicago Journal.

PARTNER WANTED.

FOR SALE.

Fine corner lot in Makiki. Curbing, water, fruit and ornamental trees and all improvements. Two minutes' walk from cars and Punahou College. Address R. F., this office. 2516-4f

Furniture complete of 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining room, etc., cheap; owner leaving country. Apply 1479 S. King street, cor. Aloha lane, or 1127 Fort street. 2789-2W

Two elegant mountain summer homes on Tantalus Heights. A. V. Gear, 122 King St. 2770-4f

Waialae lots on easy terms. A. V. Gear, 122 King St. 2770-4f

TO LET.

Furnished rooms in pleasant home; electric lights, hot water, good sanitary, cool location; one-half block from cars. Address W., this office. 2791-1m

4-room cottage, newly painted through out, with stable; reasonable on Kuakini road. Apply J. W. Podmore, Bethel and King. 2789-4f

Furnished Rooms—Nice, cool, mosquito-proof rooms. Alakea House, Alakea St. bet. Hotel and King. 2265-4f

Two cottages to let at Waikiki, one Kalia road, \$10; beach road, \$12. Apply 1433 Liliha St. 2779-4f

4-room cottage, sanitary plumbing, on River St. Apply J. W. Podmore, King and Bethel. 2792-4f

5-room cottage, furnished or unfurnished, at Cottage Grove, King St.; Inquire No. 8. 2781-4f

One store on Fort street; rent very reasonable. Apply to Bishop & Co., Bankers. 2621-4f

Furnished house for rent to party furnishing references. Inquire of A. V. Gear. 2716-4f

Newly furnished rooms, all modern conveniences. At No. 84 Vineyard St. 2728-4f

Office on Bethel near King St. Apply J. W. Podmore, Bethel and King Sts. 2789-4f

Furnished rooms at 1223 Emma street, Mrs. McConnell. 2563

Dr. Cooper Speaks For Hawaii's Benefit

The Washington Post of June 3 publishes the following:

"Leprosy is on the decline in the Hawaiian Islands," remarked Dr. Charles I. Cooper, of Honolulu, commissioner of health for our island Territory, at the New Willard. Dr. Cooper has lived in the islands for the past thirteen years, and has made a special study of that dread disease.

"But," he continued, "although there has been a considerable falling off in the number of lepers in the Molokai settlement within the past three or four years, the expense and care of these unfortunates is such a burden that the people of Hawaii believe that the government of the United States should, not of its generosity, but in justice come to their relief. We ask aid in the scientific study and treatment of leprosy now beyond our means. This could be easily had by a more equitable adjustment of the existing financial relations between Hawaii and the Federal Treasury. How unfair the present arrangement is the figures amply prove. The United States Government collects annually per capita from Hawaii \$8.53. It returns directly per capita to Hawaii \$1.62. The United States Government expends annually per capita for its population in the States \$7.97. Though annexation was hailed with delight, it has been to us a source of disappointment and a financial loss. All our revenues derived from taxes on imports that used to go to local benefit are now sent to the Washington Treasury, thereby making our burdens much heavier than formerly. Besides this, the application of the immigration laws of the United States has robbed us of the best laborers we could ever have—the Chinese. With our revenue and labor thus cut off, it seems as though a rich and humane government ought to be willing to afford relief to a remote but deserving and patriotic territory."

Mr. Critique: Yes, indeed, my house is simply full of Titans. Mrs. Non-venance:—Good gracious ain't there no way of killing 'em?—Princeton Tiger.

SHORT STORY FOR EVENING HOURS

"THE OUTCAST" NO LONGER

It was a dull, cheerless day in early spring, and the leaden clouds which hung over Paris gave no sign of breaking. The few pedestrians whose business compelled them to be abroad hurried along the sopping streets and disappeared in the gloom and fog, which shrouded all but the nearest objects from view. Though as yet it was early afternoon, the sound of traffic was hushed, and there was little to break the silence but the doleful drip-drip of the rain, as it fell from the branches of the trees along the deserted boulevards. Along a side street leading toward the Rue Hausmann a girl was making her way against the driving wind and rain, her figure reflected in the wet pavement. It needed but a glance to see that she was in the grip of poverty—that poverty which makes men and women desperate, and demands for its own the very soul of its victims. She could not have been more than twenty, though her face told its tale of slow starvation, and her feeble footsteps that she was well-nigh spent. Somewhere in her thin, emaciated features there was left a trace of former beauty, or perhaps it was in the depths of her big, mournful eyes, with their circles of shadow. As she passed along the deserted street, clutching her threadbare shawl around her shoulders, it seemed as though she would never have sufficient strength to reach the end. And indeed she was almost fainting when turning sharply to the right she slowly mounted the steps of one of the big houses in the Rue Hausmann. In answer to her ring the door was opened by a man servant, who gazed half pityingly, half scornfully at the sorry figure before him.

"Am I late, m'sieu? I feared I should never get here," she spoke timidly, and staggered against the wall as the warmth of the hall struck her. "It is nearly half past two; he has been waiting for close on an hour. You will need to be careful in future." His voice was hard, and it was evident that the girl's wretched appearance aroused in him no feelings of sympathy.

"I am sorry; it shall not happen again," she said, and prepared to follow him.

The man led the way through the handsomely decorated hall, with its rare old furniture and deep, silent carpets; up the staircase, and paused a moment before a recessed doorway, over which hung a heavy portiere of crimson velvet. The girl was breathless, and a spot of color glowed feebly on each of her sunken cheeks. The servant held aside the curtain, and opening the door, motioned her to enter. A big, somewhat coarse looking man was pacing the room, which was furnished as a studio. Tapestries, old armor and curios were scattered about in all directions, and on a carved easel hung a half-finished canvas, in a heavy, gilded frame. At the far end there was a small raised platform, on which there was a wooden stool, evidently placed there for a model.

"You are late, and the best light has gone," he said, turning angrily on the girl who was standing by the door. "What have you to say?"

"Please m'sieu, the rain and storm—and I was weak—and hungry." She looked appealingly at him, and the moisture from her sodden skirt made a ring on the floor.

"Always some excuse. I am weary of them. I see what it is; you are too well paid—late hours, the wine shop, half the day in bed—and I must suffer. It is true, I don't want to hear any more." He pushed his stool over to the easel, and sat down, selecting his brushes with care out of a heap on a tray beside him.

The girl wearily seated herself and began taking the pins out of her hair. Now that she had removed her hat, there was something in her face which betokened that she had known better days. But it was only a faint glimmer, and as she sat with her dark, straight hair falling over her neck and shoulders, one saw that Emile Blisson was right, she was the ideal model for the great picture, which was to make all Europe ring with his praises. It had been the dream of his life to paint "The Outcast," it was to be his magnum opus, the crowning effort of his life work. Into the one solitary figure he would put his best work; it should reveal the sorrows and sufferings of humanity in a way that had never yet been attempted; it should compel attention and rivet the beholder with its terrible realism. For years he had waited and searched for a model who would give him the needed inspiration. There could not have been a professional in Paris whom he had not seen; he had wandered through the lowest parts of the city, had scrutinized every face in the Faubourg St. Antoine, in the hope of finding what he wanted, but all to no purpose. Then one even-

ing as he was returning homewards, he saw, crouching on one of the seats in the boulevards, a figure which attracted his attention. There was something in the despairing attitude that made him pause; even in Paris, the home of wails and fallen humanity, there could not be many like this. And as he hesitated, the girl raised her head, and the sickly light from one of the lamps had fallen on her face. In an instant Emile Blisson knew that his search was ended, that here was his outcast, the model of all others for whose coming he had patiently waited. He had engaged her to sit for him, and for the last two months she had regularly attended at his handsome studio in the Rue Hausmann. He worked rapidly, and already though not more than half finished, the figure on the canvas gave promise of extraordinary power and intensity. The face was little more than a bare sketch at present, but every line of the dim, shadowy form which loomed out from a background of mist and darkness suggested the extremes of want and despair. He was not a man to be carried away by enthusiasm, or to over-rate the value of his own work, but he knew that when "The Outcast" was finished it would entitle him to a place among the greatest artists in history. As the foremost portrait painter in Paris, he had amassed a fortune, and all he craved for now was that this picture, into which he put his whole heart and soul, should proclaim him to the world a genius.

On this gray afternoon he worked steadily for some time, glancing from the pitiful figure before him to its counterpart on the canvas, and back again. He had turned away for a minute, when a stifled moan from the girl made him look up. She had fainted, and was huddled, a miserable heap, on the platform on which she had spent hours of agonizing torture. The man frowned—the light was failing, and it meant further loss of time. Taking some brandy, he poured a little down her throat, noticing for the first time that she was wet through. Under the influence of the spirit she quickly revived, and, with a murmured apology for her weakness, feebly took her place on the stool. He did not speak, not even to ask if she felt better, but took up his brushes and continued working where he had left off. At last he stood back with a sigh, and laying down his brushes, looked long and earnestly at the picture.

"That will do," he said shortly, "the light has gone; you may go."

"You may go," he repeated; "tomorrow at this time, and take care you are not late."

This time she understood, and, rising, walked stiffly across to the door. The man did not even bid her good-day, but was stooping over his colors, replacing them in the box. She waited until he had closed the lid, and then attracted his attention by a murmured "M'sieu."

He faced her impatiently. "I thought you had gone, what is it?"

She hesitated a minute. "Will m'sieu advance me a few francs? My rent is owing; they will not let me leave unless I pay." There was no eagerness in her voice, she seemed too weak and ill to care much whether "they" refused to receive her or not.

"This is the second time," he said, brusquely. "I told you before I would not. It is not good to borrow."

She did not ask him again, but gave one appealing glance round the studio, with its many signs of luxury, opened the door and closed it softly after her. The servant was waiting outside, and conducted her down the stairs, through the hall, and out into the wind and rain.

After the girl left, Blisson drew his chair and stirred the logs into a blaze. He did not feel particularly happy at the way in which he had treated his model, but then he reflected that his harshness was fully justified in the cause of art. He was not a hard man by nature, but he was selfish both for himself and for the profession which he almost worshipped. Supposing that he had treated the girl well, paid her high wages, and provided her with the comforts she so sorely needed, what would have been the result? She would have lost her starved and hunted look. The color would have come into her pale cheeks, the shadows would have disappeared from her big, sorrowful eyes; in short, she would be useless for his great purpose—she would be "The Outcast" no longer. And so he starved her, told her he was paying liberal wages, when it was a pittance which would hardly keep body and soul together. Never for a moment did he let her guess that she was worth thousands to him, or that without her as his model the ambitions of his life could never be fulfilled. When the picture was finished he would give her more than enough to compensate for all she had undergone, but until then—no. He realized well enough that then it might be too late, her constitution would be ruined past repair, and that she must drag out her short remaining span of life, a broken husk of what was once a woman. On the other hand, there was Art, to him the

greatest and noblest of human aspirations; on the one hand, one solitary human life, of which there were thousands which could be well spared. It did not occur to him that the first was perishable, and would count as nothing in the end of all things, whilst the other would live through all eternity—an immortal human soul. He rose and looked again at the picture, and with a sigh of content drew the curtain before it and left the studio for the night.

The next day, Paris was herself again. The storm had passed, and the sun shone brilliantly in a cloudless sky. Spring had come, and the birds were singing gayly in the trees, on which the gummy buds were almost bursting. At 12 o'clock struck from the city towers, Emile Blisson was breakfasting alone. The morning papers were beside him, neatly folded in a heap, and as he sipped his coffee he glanced at their contents. As a rule, he looked at nothing beyond the great events which make or mar the history of nations, but today he scanned with idle curiosity those columns which he said existed but for the delectation of the bourgeoisie. The sordid details of life among the dissolute and criminal did not appeal to him, but one paragraph seemed to fascinate him, and he read it carefully. It ran: "The body of a woman, whose name is unknown, was found floating between the arches of the Pont Neuf, late last night. The clothing bore no mark to assist identification, but upon the left forearm was a dark purple scar, which had evidently been there for some years." Then followed particulars as to height, probable age, and other details. He read the notice over several times, and a look of growing anxiety spread over his features. Hastily ringing the bell, he ordered his carriage, and, pushing aside his half-finished breakfast, went up to the studio and gazed long and lovingly at the great picture. Ten minutes later he was driving along the sunlit boulevards, now filled with carriages and throngs of fashionable folk. The air was warm and balmy, and all nature seemed to be rejoicing in the first day of welcome spring. The crowd recognized him as he passed, and turned their heads to gaze at the man whose fame, though great, had yet to reach its zenith. In a few minutes his carriage drew up before the low, gray building, through whose portals have been carried the saddest of human freight. He paused before entering, blaming himself for fears which he felt to be groundless, but still urged by a strange curiosity to satisfy himself.

Inside there was the usual scene. A file of men and women, some merely idle sightseers, others distracted by a horrible fear, passing before those silent forms which he stiff and stark on the raised slabs. In such a place, a sound of anguish attracts but little notice, but seldom has the gloomy morgue resounded to such a cry as fell from the lips of Emile Blisson as he realized that the ambition of his life was thwarted, and that his masterpiece would never be finished. For on one of the cold, gray slabs lay the still form of "The Outcast," her wet, clinging garments telling their tale of the plying embrace of the silent river. But an outcast no longer, for on her face there was a look of peace and perfect happiness; a look which told of some far-distant country where she had reached a home and friends at last.—London Free Lance.

BUY A HOME.

We have for sale on easy terms several residences in Honolulu, which it will pay you to investigate. Among them is an acre and a half near the Rapid Transit at Punani for \$1600; an acre and a third, with dwelling, on Kamehameha Road near King street for \$4500; a quarter of an acre, with dwelling, on Axillan street Punahou for \$2500; and a quarter of an acre with cottage at Kalihi near Rapid Transit for \$2000. Any of these will be sold on monthly installments, if preferred. Further information furnished at the office of the Pioneer Building and Loan Association, 122 King street. A. V. Gear, secretary.

UNEQUALLED SHORT TRIPS FOR TRAVELLERS.

Tourists who wish to see the wind ward side of Molokai, with its wonderful cliffs, deep gulches and fertile valleys, with the most unique and beautiful prospects on every hand, should take the trips on the new steamer Likelike. Around Molokai in daylight with night run to Lahaina, the ancient capital.
 Sailing, Monday at 5 p. m., returning Tuesday night.
 Sailing, Wednesday at 5 p. m., returning Friday night.
 New steamer, all deck staterooms, airy and commodious.
 Full particulars at Wilder's Steamship Company Office.

No. 703—Send your druggist name and get order on him for 30 days' test, \$1 box of Hunt's before breakfast constitutional ozone treatment free. TABLET OZONE Co., 703, Merom, Ind.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

BALLASTING.	MUSIC.
Hawaiian-Japanese Ballasting Co. — Best black sand from \$2 to \$3 a load according to distance hauled. Coral rocks for stable, roads and sidewalks. Third door below King, Maunakea St.; P. O. box 820. Telephone Main 296.	Piano and organ tuning and repairing. Mr. Jas. Sheridan, resident piano tuner, for many years an expert in this business. All orders carefully attended to if left at Hawaiian News Co., Young building, or Wall, Nichols Co. Residence 343 King street, near Opera House.
CLEANING AND DYEING.	MESSENGERS.
T. Masuda—Clothes cleaned, dyed and repaired; hats cleaned. 1416 Fort St. nr. Vineyard.	Annie Montague Turner—Vocal instructor; "Mignon," 1024 Beretania St.
T. Hayashi—Clothes cleaned, repaired and dyed. 537 Beretania St.	Ernest Kaal—Music Teacher. Studio, Room 69 Young Bldg.
DENTISTS.	TELEPHONE.
Dr. Derby—Dentist; Fort and Hotel Sts.; Hours, 9 to 4.	Territorial Messenger Service—Union St. near Hotel; Tel. 361 Main.
EXPRESS.	MASSAGE.
Moana Express, 910 Alakea St.; Tel. 511 Blue; good service; moderate rates. 2655-4f	S. Ochiai—Expert massage treatment for sick people. Tel. Blue 2365; 68 Kukui Lane.

AT PRIVATE SALE BISHOP & CO.

THE GOODS, CHATTELS, LIVE STOCK AND EFFECTS

—OF THE—
STAR DAIRY
 IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS

The property to be sold is chiefly as follows:
 2 Hawaiian mules (broken to harness); 3 imported dray horses; imported cart horse; 3 Hawaiian driving horses; Hawaiian saddle horse; lot of hogs; 150 milk cows; 60 heifers about 3 years old; 20 yearling heifers; 4 bulls; milk wagon; dray; carts; harnesses; milk cooler; dairy tools and implements; the following machinery, all in first class condition: 12-foot air motor wind mill with frame complete; 2 10,000-gallon water tanks; 1,000 feet 6-inch piping; triple 6-inch force pump; 6-hp compound centrifugal pump; 1-hp horse-power Union gasoline engine; 4 horse-power Union gasoline engine. The above property is kept on the Star Dairy premises at Kakaia, and the undersigned will be on hand to exhibit the same to intending purchasers. The cows of the Star Dairy are among the finest milking cows on the island of Oahu, the milk standing the highest in butter fat.
 A. B. DOAK, Manager.

PACIFIC HEIGHTS

Lots For Sale At Prices to Suit the Times

Title, water and roads guaranteed.
 Terms: One-third cash; balance in one, two and three years. Interest at 6 per cent.
 For particulars apply to
 J. ALFRED MAGOON,
 J. LIGHTFOOT,
 Attorneys for C. W. Booth.

WILL E. FISHER, AUCTIONEER.

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